

IN THE PRESS,

And speedily will be published,

THE

SECOND PART

OF THIS

SATIRE.

ERRATA.

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10,	<i>at his,</i>		<i>at the.</i>
15,	<i>periods await,</i>		<i>period awaits.</i>
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840. R. 33
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THE
SECOND PART
OF
WARLEY:
A SATIRE.

CONTAINING

A curious Detail of the OPERATIONS of the GRAND ARMY
during the ROYAL REVIEW:

AND INTERSPERSED

With a Variety of FRESH CHARACTERS

ADDRESSED

To the First ARTIST in *Europe*.

STULTA EST CLEMENTIA.

Juv. Sat. 1.

L O N D O N:

Printed for D. BROWN, at Garrick's Head, in Katharine-street, Strand.

November, 1778.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIX-PENCE.]

THE

SECOND PART

THE A. R. E. E.

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THE A. R. E. E.

W A R L E Y:

A

S A T I R E.

PART THE SECOND.

THINE Aid, mighty Master! again I invoke,
Amidst the dire scene of confusion and smoke;
Thou canst paint what e'en Phœbus might falter to sing,
The nymph of old Bladud's salubrious spring,
Whom the Gods have permitted to mix with the throng,
And cheer the sad world with seraphical song:
Be thine to depicture fair Sheridan's worth,
Since the Nine and Dame Venus all smil'd at her birth;
With charms more than mortal her features imprest,
And Olympus, forsaken, reside in her breast.

PART II.

B

Left

Left pluck'd by rude fingers this blossom should fade,
 One and all to brave Richard consign'd the dear maid ;
 To crown his desert one and all shall conspire,
 And scandal abash'd dread the sound of his Lyre.

View yon Weavers of dull Philosophical Prose,
 Led by club-footed Hermes from Sal'bury Close ;
 No longer at Sarum Old Stevens shall roar,
 For this Sophist of Greece votes the Organ a Bore ;
 But ye Goths, Huns, and Vandals ! your murmurs forbear,
 A greater Cecilia now graces the chair ;
 Whose Melody soft as Ilissus shall flow,
 For the Muses and Graces his bellows shall blow,
 Who scorning the limits of service monastic,
 Bestrides the lone loft charg'd with Jalop so drastic ;
 Chaste attic Effluvia, dispersing around,
 Our senses regales with the smell and the sound :
 Ave Mary's exploding, cries Sternhold, avaunt !
 Heaves the Organ of Plato, and f——ts us a chaunt.

Fair

Fair Ladies and Gentlemen, I must have at your
 Pretensions, who cram us with fine literature.
 Lady Miller, who sobb'd and shed tears like a fow,
 When the bright civic wreath would not fit her own brow.
 Ye Sylphs and ye Sylphids! Oh, catch the rich dew,
 And bottle it up in the firmament blue,
 Find out Leo and Virgo, and stick it up thereby,
 A Beacon for all leaky vessels to steer by.
 A Pilot to guide those adventurous lasses,
 Who their Dowlas extend for the Strait of Parnassus.
 To enlighten Apollo thy numerous daughters,
 Who scatter about them their Helicon Waters,
 Which drizzling in humid abundance o'erflow
 The wigs and the beards of the learned below,
 Who indignant exclaim that 'tis past all enduring
 To be wet to the skin with Pierian Urine.
 But Gentles make way for this rabblement beastly,
 Led by grim visag'd Price, Malegrida, and Priestly.
 For none but brute beasts can such tenets avow
 That God's image possesses the soul of a fow.

For

Sworn foes to the state can their Sov'reign disrobe,
 And scatter sedition o'er half the wide globe.
 See Doctor Dun Scotus bestride his soft saddle,
 With Miss Messalina her stone horse a-straddle,
 With pert Billy Bowles and Moll Rofin between 'em
 In Newbery Chaise from the Castle of Speenham;
 Ah, little thought they, in those moments so rampant,
 That the grum bitch of Farnham wou'd e'er throw a damp on't.
 But Old Wilton, full gallop, shall beat up their quarters,
 Hand and glove with the Don and his Highness of Chartres.

You'll quickly distinguish the Great from the Vulgar,
 Don Marquis La Roffa and Mynheer Count Mulgare,
 Introduc'd by the Dutch and the Spanish Ambassador,
 Who features exhibit which not very placid are,
 For the Dons and the Dutch, tho' they love the Parisians,
 Have no great esteem for our Naval Physicians;
 No great cordiality ever avow,
 For Sangrado-Keppel, or bluff Doctor Howe;
 Who,

Who, like other Empirics, of thousands make slaughter,
 By Tincture of Steel, letting Blood, and Sea Water ;
 And no wonder they cannot away with such odd fish,
 Who serve them and their friends as old Quin did a codfish.

Like Falstaff in battle, Earl Twitcher approaches,
 Who as dry as a keck, and as drunk as a roach is,
 What effect could it have, tho' you purg'd him with hyssop,
 On one lewd as King David, and ugly as Æsop ?
 Corruption, like thine, calls aloud for the Rope,
 Then patch up thine old flesh, nor continue to grope,
 In the twilight of age, for one faint Ray of hope.

In the rear of this Naval Dictator, who's that
 Comes simpering behind, like a tame Cheeshire Cat ?
 'Tis the Post-Boy, who carries his Sovereign's pleasure,
 Court Manners retailing with Winchester measure ;
 In whose ignoble sty both their Majesties pigg'd,
 And pot-luck partook with this Blockhead bewhigg'd ;
 Whose fine jacket and trowsers astonish the rout,
 Belarded with gold both within and without.

Earl Pembroke comes next, who his Ox roasted whole,
 And pledg'd his good King in a full-flowing bowl;
 Retainers in ancient magnificence wait,
 To broach the stout casks that environ his gate;
 And round his full board, like King Arthur's of yore,
 Loud Laughter, and Old Hospitality roar!
 May the King, who has tasted his pudding and beef,
 Ordain him of Horfes his Master in Chief!
 Nor bestow such a post on Great Pembroke's inferiors,
 But on Scottish Poltroons turn his Royal Posteriors.

But the Marchioness never has heard, I presume,
 Of the trick that was put upon old Lady ——.
 Her Ladyship's maid with the footman was fled,
 And none to undress her and put her to bed,
 When young Harry Lash'em, demure as a Dervise,
 Puts a Petticoat on him, and offers his service;
 His demeanour was modest, and smooth was his chin,
 And the old Lady leer'd at his lily white skin;
 The housekeeper's favour was quickly acquir'd,
 The wages propos'd, Mrs. Lash'em was hir'd;

Dark

Dark midnight came on, and as heavy as lead,
 This righteous old Dowager flounc'd into bed;
 When, dreadful to tell—half a gallon of tea,
 Thro' her crazy old carcase was making its way;
 Her innocent Chambermaid fain hold the urn would,
 While my Lady repeated a portion of Sternhold;
 For the toothless old Jade so religious was grown,
 She could piddle and pray—kill two birds with one stone;
 But when her Male-Maid at advantage had caught her,
 He spread his large palm, and betwixt wind and water,
 He bestow'd such a slap on her jolly broad bum,
 That it echo'd again like an old kettle drum;
 Then vanish'd at once, and was heard of no more—
 The old woman frantic, fell down on the floor;
 Her Chaplain rush'd in—when my Lady begins:
 “ Old Satan permitted to punish my sins,
 “ Full of malice and mischief, has enter'd my door,
 “ And flogg'd me to death, in the shape of a whore;
 “ If your Reverence cannot restore me, I'm dead;
 “ Do but see if he's left any hair on my head.”

The

The rosy Divine, with profound admiration,
 Survey'd the Low Countries, and made observation;
 " Alas ! on your head but few ringlets prevail,
 " For the Fiend has transplanted them all to your tail."
 But this was no season for preaching or whining,
 He quickly discover'd a Rent in her Lining;
 But an orthodox Parson has nothing to fear,
 He look round about him—the coast it was clear,
 The good man did his best, and of nothing afraid,
 Without bell, book, or candle, the Spectre was laid.

Many thanks for her tale, Lady Bridget receives,
 While each lovely bosom with merriment heaves;
 For nothing they ever had heard of, or seen,
 Was so nicely adapted to banish the spleen,
 Yet from Shaadry so free, and ideas obscene;
 For they could not endure an immodest relation,
 That might wound the chaste ears of a woman of fashion,

Mean time the GRAND ARMY had enter'd the wood,
 And with courage undaunted a Pigstye subdued ;

Bring

But what render'd the victory surer and shorter,
 The Pigs ran away, tho' they offer'd 'em quarter ;
 Notwithstanding all methods were us'd to trepan some,
 They wou'd not be prevail'd on *to fight it out handsome* :
 Oh how they rejoiced, when the Pigstye surrender'd,
 Yet their triumph was short, and much mischief engender'd.
 The Swine-herd alights from his Jack-Afs's crupper,
 With a barrel of grains for his grunting boys' supper ;
 But when their sad scatter'd condition he ey'd,
 To the gods his full measure he lifted and cry'd :
 " Oh Jove ! if I ever have made it my care,
 " To litter my Pigs, when their a——s were bare ;
 " If urg'd by compassion I pierc'd the thick wood,
 " And forsaking my own, went in quest of their food ;
 " If oft I their guts conscientiously cramm'd,
 " When hard hearted folks bid 'em starve and be damn'd,
 " Oh give me to fate my unfortunate swine,
 " With vengeance, Great Jove ! and a porker be thine !
 To grant half this pray'r, mighty Jove is inclin'd,
 But disperfes the rest with a blast from behind ;

PART II.

D

When

When his barrel of grains he embraces again,

And discharges it full on the Leader of Men :

The Leader of Men, with the force of the grains,

Panick struck from his steed, quits indignant the reins ;

For he thought (tho' he had none) they'd dash'd out his brains }

Then grov'ling cries, " Fight on my merry men all,"

But his merry men fled when they saw their chief fall.

And the Army had surely been put to the rout,

When the Lord May'r of Romford strait facing about,

Cries, " Courage, my Hearts, to the charge let us run,

" Since we are ten thousand—the Foe-man but one ;

" Shall it ever at Romford or Brentwood be said,

" That Ten Thousand Men of One Man were afraid ;

" If such damnable cowards our comrades report us,

" When our Bottoms wear out they'll no new ones afford us.

" Tho' honour's a scutcheon that gives but cold comfort,

" I'll flourish or fall like a Lord May'r of Romford."

But the Swine-herd disdainng his numerous foes,

Affails my Lord May'r, disarranges his nose ;

And

And extends horizontal, in regular order,
 Tom-turdman, Attorney, Shrieve, Clerk and Recorder ;
 But the Muse cannot picture, and I cannot wish ye,
 To know how he treated the ——— Militia ;
 'Till by numbers oppress'd, and resign'd to his fate he's
 Made prisoner of war with his Pigs and Potatoes ;
 When the hungry Commanders immediately halted,
 His Potatoes they eat, and his Porkers they salted.

With equal eclat the Artill'ry, Boys come off,
 They discharg'd the loud cannon and blow'd a man's thumb off;
 And that no great exploit may unnotic'd away go
 They scar'd to the devil an old woman's ague.

At this wond'rous recital old Homer looks blue, Sir,
 Tho' he fang Agamemnon, Achilles and Teucer
 Can Chartres fam'd Duke, could St. George and the Dragon
 Make half so good use of the musket or flaggon ?
 Nor shall Oliver Cromwell, or old John o'Gaunt,
 Presume any more of their courage to vaunt ;

Nay

Nay bring us the Macedon Rogue who did once shine,
And once more we'll make him stand out of the sunshine.

But Titan has pass'd his Meridian Turnpike,
Sing Old Rose, Roast the Bellows, singe Banner and burn Pike!
All explosion explode, cease ye Drummers to drub hard,
For their Majesties sovereign bellies cry, Cupboard.
In Pidgeon-house roosted, as mild as a Dove,
See the Queen of Great Britain has pull'd off her glove;
Approach all ye Prelates, Deans, Deacons, and Clerks,
More proud than Old Nick, more voracious than sharks;
Ye Coxcombs in Scarlet, ye Coxcombs in Black,
Ye Coxcombs, without any Shirt to your Back;
Petit Maitres, who shrug at the sound of a gun,
Insipid and soft as a White Conduit Bun;
Ye Mercantile Grampusses, rowling in riches,
Militia Commanders, with hearts in your breeches;
Brave Soldiers, without any blood in your veins,
The Judge, whose decision base bribery stains,
With Beef in his belly, and Guts in his brains;

Ye

Ye Quacks, who with Med'cine or Chancery bilk men !

Ambassadors, Catholics, Sheriffs and Silk-men ;

Ye Custard-Cornuto's at home to a hole,

Privy Counsellors, Gold Finders, Grooms of the Stole,

With affected grimace that would make a dog spew,

Like Dowager W——ve, in Ramilie Queu ;

Come smooth your mustachios, and stroke down your bands,

Like the Horse-leeches Daughters, cry Da, and kiss hands.

Base herd, for Decorum they care not a farthing,

But jostle their betters, and handsome Carmarthen ;

Ld. Washball, Count Corkleg, Charles Fox, Rigby jolly Dick,

Old Br---kl---sby, Quack to the states Body politic ;

Sam Candlemas, fish-eating Son of Perdition,

Profound as the fat-headed beast in the vision.

True Genius subsides at this desperate crisis,

The Philistines prevail o'er the TRIUMPH OF ISIS ;

From the regions of Dulness uprisen again is,

The inveterate Ghost of Col. Cibber or Dennis ;

The whole tribe of fools, who the Dunciad compose,

Breath vengeance again in poor Percival's prose ;

PART II.

E

Poor

Poor Percival Stockdale ! who (dreadful to think on,)
 In Styx drench'd his goose quill instead of an inkhorn ;
 With the fumes of the lake his mad brain over laid,
 Like Curl with the Cates of Corinna bewray'd ;
 With critical Jaundice envelop'd his mind,
 And fightless himself, swears that Warton is blind.

Compounded of every ingredient accurst,
 Which from baleful Pandora's dire treasury burst,
 The plausible Serpent of Hagley behold,
 Black as deep Pandemonium's fell Chieftain of old
 Well attended he comes——By the side of his wheels
 Crawls unsatisfied Lust, mad Intemperance reels,
 Dishonour inclining his Brow to the Ground,
 Fraud, revolving her Schemes of destruction profound,
 Sordid Av'rice and Self-Love condensing the soul,
 And consummate Hypocrisy shrouding the whole.
 Fell Canker, how long shall thy poisonous Breath
 Blast each lovely Flow'et in beauty's bright wreath ?
 Sheds the primrose for thee its delicious perfume,
 For thee swells the *Peach* her ambrosial bloom ?

Cease

Cease Recreant ! expanding her horrible shears,
 Fate threatens thy life, and the pill'ry thine ears ;
 Vengeance gleams in thy goblets libidinous Lazar,
 As of old in the vessels of vile Belteshazzar.
 Avaunt ! fly the splendor of Warley's bright field,
 Nor look on those arms thou wouldst tremble to wield ;
 Or drum'd out, *for the last time*, thy carcase shall go
 A Leper uncleans'd to the regions below."

Fair honour gives place to the rabble profane,
 Lo Taste her own Dorset withdraws from the plain.
 A crucible thus with vile Dross shall o'er flow,
 While the precious Ore veils its refulgence below ;
 Let Russel his ample possessions extend,
 Fair Devonshire's wealth dissipation befriend ;
 When the fame and renown of the opulent fail,
 Thee, Patron of Arts, British annals shall hail ;
 When o'er Alnwick's proud castle no crescent shall wave,
 And magnificent Percy lie cold in his grave ;

When

When our rulers grow blind, and the populace lead 'em,
 And no greedy Manchester raves to succeed 'em;
 When Camden's faint meteor that led us astray,
 Shall vanish absorb'd in his dam's *milky way*;
 When Franklin's French Policy, rotten and rank is,
 And Bute's put to bed with old Numa and Ancus,
 Noble Dorset, o'er thine and thy Reynolds's Urn,
 The pure flame of gratitude brightly shall burn;
 Who reviv'd in a land of abundance and peace,
 The games of old Rome and the pencil of Greece.

See from each manufacture of Bolus and Pill,
 Of Quacks no small number ascending the hill;
 With scarce so much speed and importance of face,
 When their aid is invoc'd in some desperate case.
 They run loaded with nostrums, and quite out of breath,
 To go snacks with Disease and come in at the Death;
 As hither they stalk with keen stomachs, and weapons,
 That reek from the slaughter of custards and capons;
 With their Chief I'll begin, whose fair portly abdomen,
 Commands admiration from cooks and old women:

With

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With

Doctor Olla-Podrida; his features declare,
 Who never objects to good fees or good fare;
 As he clambers the mount, at each stride that he takes,
 The haunch on the spit, how it trembles and quakes!
 The sheep bleat aloud at the sight of the glutton,
 And precipitate fly the destroyer of mutton;
 From the neighbouring sty, the hogs grunt out their curses,
 While his aspect alarms all the mothers and nurses,
 Left their dear little babies for sucking pigs taken,
 Should be roasted and swallow'd for juvenile bacon.
 Observe next in order antique Doctor Æther,
 Case harden'd, advancing without loss of leather;
 For such leather as his will all damage with-stand,
 Whose carcase is dry, and his hide ready tann'd;
 Yet his fallow complexion he takes as much pride in,
 As Quixote his lank Rosinante bestriding;
 And tho' from his meagre appearance you'd swear,
 That the potions he vends were the whole of his fare;
 Yet believe me, Friend Æther no physick will swallow,
 Nor, ailing himself, his own regimen follow;

His miserly visage would check our profuseness,
 His looks so begriped would give one a looseness ;
 At composing a purge or a bolus no novice,
 He would build for the Gods a complete House of Office ;
 And as mad as Old Lucian, or honest Will Wimble,
 Would give Jove and Juno a Whirriganimble ;
 With gait consequential, and countenance callous,
 Advances behind him renown'd Doctor Gallus ;
 In Tumbril new painted, and linen much cleaner,
 A round pudding visage, and courteous demeanour ;
 Assist me, dear Muse, with a strain of the best,
 To tell how this Calf's Head is garnish'd and drest ;
 For I would not a single embellishment lose,
 From the horns on his head to the soles of his shoes ;
 Sublime on his forehead a gold bandage blazon'd,
 Strikes Ostlers and Chambermaids blind with the rays on't,
 And oppos'd to the Beaver's funereal colour,
 Gives a *Je ne sçai quoi* to his broad Kevenhuller.
 But of Helicon stream I must take a fresh swig,
 E'er I soar to the arduous height of his wig,

And

And to bring this grand canopy safe into harbour,
 'Tis expedient, good folks, that I mention the barber,
 O Chin-flicing Wight, who this perriwig dresses,
 Which waves like a comet its terrible tresses,
 Where there's full room to roost for abundance of fowl,
 Where Pallas inshrined sits guarding her Owl,
 Within the round ribs of whose puffing machine
 Dwell exhaustless effluvias of wisdom I ween,
 Which a touch of thine hand to the cranium conveys,
 And Phœbus admiring, adorns with his Bays,
 While the rest of the Gods, and a Protestant Mob,
 With derision look down upon pigtail and bob.
 'Mongst these bold sons of Mars, whilst our General levies us,
 Like the Hell-Hound, who kindled the Temple of Ephesus,
 Some cursed Matrofs, smit with envy and wonder,
 May thine Edifice gorgeous envelope with thunder
 And lightning discharg'd from a forty-two pounder;
 And if we may credit our ancestors journals,
 The Grim Visag'd Fellow, who rules the infernals,

Whom

Whom Proserpine charm'd with the ringlets she show'd,
 May steal it to wear in his Stygian abode;
 And his passion for perukes he loudly might crack on,
 Who at once stood possess'd of a white and a black one.
 Since the principal part of the portrait is drawn,
 What remains is express'd by a collar of brawn,
 Which wrappers of different colours adorn,
 A compound of red and white swine's flesh and horn.
 These rogues above-mention'd and thousands beside,
 Of Warwick-Lane, Moorfields, and Drury the pride;
 Who 'scape watry Death to be hang'd upon dry land,
 The garlick-fed tenants of fam'd Porridge-island;
 Come galloping, roaring, caballing, and raving,
 Commission, court favour and benefice craving.
 Have you never beheld on a sun-shiny day
 Old Thames a dead ass to the ocean convey,
 While on ev'ry side swarm from his entrails obscene
 The sons of corruption, grey, scarlet, and green,
 Flies, Reptiles of monstrous proportion and limb,
 That people the green wave, and stink as they swim.

The

The numbers furrounding his Majesty's stand,
 Such a prospect as this is afford you by land ;]
 A Reptile Assembly of similar form,
 Little Warley, at large on thy green hillock swarm ;
 On all sides in reeking abundance they pour,
 And the vitals of Britain that bred them devour.

Oh Reynolds, afford to thy Poet some soup,
 Who for thine entertainment has painted this Groupe !
 A drudge to the Muse she has made me look thinner,
 Send a card, my good Sir, and invite me to dinner ;
 I'm quite disengaged—you'll not find one in ten,
 Such a Dabster at cutting and coming again ;
 Few can beat me, or else I am strangely mistaken,
 At Westphalia Ham, or fat Gammon of Bacon ;
 Durham Men I excel at your boil'd Beef and Mustard,
 And with wond'rous address let the light thro' a Custard ;

PART II.

G

Your

Your red Salmon Troutling, when nicely in feason,
 In streams of Madeira shall swim down my weazon;
 Ven'son Pasty shall shrink at my appetite staunch,
 And you'll find me no very bad stick at a Haunch;
 My spacious Red Lane will afford a smooth passage,
 To a fav'ry Bologna, or spic'd Oxford Sausage.
 I'm the dread of John Dories, as erst was old Quin,
 And exceed him at least by the length of a fin.
 Farinelli and Handel, who grew, at our cost, rich,
 With the notes of a Thrush, and the guts of an Ostrich,
 If alive, would acknowledge I twist to some tune;
 And so should Old Nick---give me but a long spoon.
 For my Grandmother Eve, whom you'll find in the Bible,
 When, of old, a ripe Codlin attracted her eye-ball,
 Fell foul of the Tree, in a gluttonous frolick,
 And entail'd on her Children a damnable Cholic;
 Lost her blessed Estate, for the sake of good Vittal,
 And fous'd, unconcern'd, all the world in the spittal;
 But of continence Eve never boasted the gift,
 (Nor one Woman in twenty, without e're a Shift;)

And

And tho' black-letter'd authors have left it in doubt
 Whether Hollands, or Green Ufquebaugh, was found out,
 'Tis as plain as a pike-staff, from worshipful writ,
 That my good Lady long'd for a relishing Bit;
 And the crafty old Snake got his Ends, I can tell ye,
 Full as well, with nice Timber prepar'd for the Belly.

Yet of old English Stomach how fruitless the boast,
 When the memory of old English Dinners is lost!
 Since from Britain away Hospitality stole,
 Macarony takes place of a *Toad in a Hole*;
 Indignant Sir Loin to the sideboard retires,
 Ah much better fed, better taught were our Sires!
 For whose generous Cheer hungry Moderns shall mourn,
 And sigh for those meals that shall never return.

Know, Sir Knight, that mine appetite borrows its keen edge,
 From Beef-eating Worthies, and worshipful Lineage;

To

To feast my Fore-fathers whole hecatombs bled,
 With Neville, the stout Earl of Warwick they fed.
 In the field, on the trencher, renowned of yore,
 They drank of his Bowl, and his Banner they bore :
 British Kings their ambition and hunger supplied,
 On their bounty they fatten'd and fought by their side.
 But it little availeth your Bard to repeat,
 At whose charges his valiant progenitors eat ;
 Whose keen stomachs alone their Descendant is heir to,
 Since their Manors have travell'd the Devil knows where to ;
 And no steaks of old Neville's fat Oxen remain here,
 The cravings to quell of Apollo's Retainer ;
 Whom dark fate has doom'd, for his sins expiation,
 To the spare modern meals of a Frenchified Nation ;
 Where the Children have banish'd their Fore fathers fare,
 Who their Dinners were dressing while we dress our Hair.

An old Earls trophied hall entertain'd a whole county,
 Knights and Peasants partook of his beef and his bounty ;

Bright

Bright glitter'd the brim of his Grace-Cup profound,
 Bays and Rosemary bourgeon'd his Boar's head around ;
 French Cooks and French Kickshaws he treated with scorn,
 And eat beef in the land where his Fathers were born.
 Modern Nobles the Muses have nothing to say for,
 Whose outlandish Dinners their poor tradesmen pay for,
 Whose Grace is from Stanhope's Morality drawn,
 The reverend Cup that should hold it, in pawn, }
 And whose conduct deserves neither Bay-leaf nor Brawn.
 Who ne'er drink Success to their Sov'reign and Church,
 Who scout Beef and eat Cheesecakes with Horton and Birch.

Lament, brother Poets, lament all ye Nine !
 Flow plenteous my tears for dishonour'd Sir Loin !
 Flow plenteous my tears---since confin'd to the band,
 Plum-pudding of old so respected and grand, }
 Alma-Mater detains e'er she leaveth the land.

But I see you methinks with abundance of Choler,
 In my thread-bare Accoutrements picking a hole here,
 Arrest my poor Pegasus ambling from Warley,
 Cock your worshipful Beaver, and call me to parley.

“ Thou Bye-blow of Phœbus, whose Forehead of Brass is,
 Who hast glean'd from its summit the scum of Parnassus ;
 Who thy savory Hodge-podge of Dog'rel hast hash'd up,
 In the P-fs-pot of Pindus, or Helicon Wash-tub ;
 To whom crazy Lucian Jove's Privy unlocks,
 Whom the Muses have lap'd in the tails of their smocks ;
 Whom Reviewers shall growl at, and Critics shall censure ;
 No such pennyless Varlets with me foul a Trencher.]
 I would have you to know, Sir, I dine with your betters,
 And feast at my board the Republic of Letters ;
 Though Horace observes, 'tis a beggarly table
 Which holds not enough for ones self and the rabble ;
 That the Mansion is scanty, which cannot provide
 For its Lord, and a few Ragamuffins beside ;

To

To his trite observations I'll give no support,
 Far exceed his Falernian my Claret and Port ;
 But the Devil a drop shall run trickling your throat down,
 Let them flow for a Bard with a Christian-like coat on :
 Duke Humphrey will find you in excellent fare,
 Such Cameleon Poets should live upon air.
 Better treatment you'll find if to Weston you'll go,
 The * Cape Hunt will a Dinner or Blanket bestow.
 Can you quid like Sir Nab, or a bawdy song roar ?
 D'ye know how to unkennel a Hound or a Whore ?
 If that way lies your Fort, you'll find those that will fit ye,
 And a Brother commence of Charles States his Committee ;
 If the † Cape of his Coat, or his Lash can divert ye,
 You'll be welcom'd or horsewhipp'd by bold Captain B——c.
 Run your Pegasus blind at his Honour's desire,
 Catch a fore throat, or damn'd stinking Fox in the mire ;
 Then return to the Mefs---drink a quart at one swig,
 And shake hands with Jack W---, Gibbet Ch--- and Tw---.

* A Club of respectable Fox-Hunters.

† Alluding to a mystical Engraving upon a Button worn under the Cape of their Coat by each Member of the Club, as an Ensign of their Order.

But

But hope not (tho' Sportsmen your cause should espouse,
 To batten where two of the Graces keep house;
 Poetafters I hold it a sin to encourage,
 Let a pump or a horse pond supply them with porridge.
 Will your scurrilous dogg'rel a dinner ensure ye,
 Or the fee-simple pay of your Manor of Drury?
 Will your metre a Council engage or Attorney,
 Or gain approbation from dear little Burney*?
 Will the Doctor receive it instead of gold sterling?
 Will a Billingsgate Beauty exchange for it her ling?
 Though the honey of Hybla should liquor your tongue,
 Like the § Bard of the Snipe tho' you favour'd and sung,
 Would such strains at the Ginshop your reckoning wipe out,
 Or pay for the vapour exhal'd from your pipe out?
 Your cravat worn out, will the Muse set a fitch in,
 Or darn the dire chafin in your hose or your breeching?

* The Authorefs of *Evelina*.

§ Dr. Bacon, the ingenious Author of *THE SNIPE*, a Ballad.

Pray who'll give you credit, of sense if a grain he has,
 For a meal of Sheep's head in Hotel Subterraneous* ?
 Or defray, Mr. Poet, the charges extraor'nary,
 For washing your shirt at Three-halfpenny Or'nary ?"

Thou Knight of no bowels ! whose Conscience hot iron
 Hath fear'd, and whose Easel the Furies environ ;
 Who, like Bacchanal Jade without commiseration,
 Would'st tear me piece-meal, in my proper vocation ;
 I have done ; yet peruse these Prophetical Verses,
 And shake both thine ears at a poor Poet's curses.

May the Produce of Reynolds's Pencil divine,
 Be forgotten when Phœbus no longer shall shine !
 May the Last Trump his Colours blow quite out of fashion,
 And his Oil be consum'd in the Grand Conflagration ;

PART II.

I

Of

* Alas a Night Cellar.

Of his Fire may Dame Nature extinguish the sparks,
 When the Firmament falls down for boys to catch larks !
 Of his Name and his Stile may we lose ev'ry letter,
 When Heav'n gives us an Artift whose Hand can do better !
 May wine, brandy, and beer, be his constant potation,
 'Till, like Cæsar, exciting the world's admiration,
 Too great for a country of Prejudice grown,
 Some Cassius supplants him or—Conjuror Hone.

END OF THE SATIRE.

T H E

Swashing Blades of Warley:

A B A L L A D.

I.

I sing the Jovial Swashers,
Encamp'd on Warley Common,
Who stoutly swear,
They'll thrash Monsieur,
And care a Fig for no man."

II.

At day break, from their straw beds,
To crawl out they begin, Sir,
Each drinks his pot,
Of purl red hot,
All Silver-lac'd with Gin, Sir.

O then

III.

O then the thundering Drummers
Stir up their Martial Ardour ;
They call the Roll,
And cheek by jowl,
Set on to storm the Larder.

IV.

Then comes the rosy Chaplain,
And kneels upon his hassock ;
He prays alone,
For a Smock each one
Loves better than a Cassock.

V.

The Col'nel in the rear-guard,
A knotty point untrusses,
And Guards a score,
Defend the door,
While he bombards the rushes.

These

VI.

These *Swabbing Blades* in Scarlet,
 Turn out and form the lines, Sir ;
 Loud Trumpets tell,
 What fate befell,
 Ducks, Turkies, Hams, and Chine, Sir.

VII.

Their Chargers fierce bestriding,
 Oh how they storm the trenches !
 The Boys they scare,
 Make the Old Wives swear,
 And ravish all the Wenches.

VIII.

As the Churls of Chevy Chase, Sir,
 Their backfides guarded safe O ;
 On a soft Bear's hide,
 The Chieftains ride,
 That their bottoms may not chafe O.

IX.

But the Muse a dismal tale, Sir,
 Produces from her budget,
 Nine Taylors fell,
 Red hot from Hell*,
 To dun these *Swashers* trudge it.

X.

Against the Royal Lincoln,
 They rous'd up Wrath and Valour;
 But our bold Vanguards,
 They sing'd their beards,
 And quell'd each roaring Taylor.

XI.

To drive these Cabbage-grinders,
 TOM WH-LL-Y had the bent O,
 SIR NARBOROUGH DEATH,
 Did his sword unsheath,
 And their spears to Shivers sent O.

XII The

* Hell, the name usually given to a Taylor's work-shop.

XII.

The King of France at dinner,
These doleful tidings hearing,
His bowels yearn'd,
And up he turn'd,
Each sav'ry pickled herring.

XIII.

His Confessor domestic,
And eke his grave Physician,
They told the King;
'Twas a Monstrous Thing,
Such a day, to swallow fish in.

XIV.

So we'll leave him in a fright, Sir,
Wasting his wordly riches,
While Duke Nivernois,
Gets a crown a day,
For cleaning of his Breeches.

F I N I S.

1717

XII

The King of France at Paris

1717

His Majesty's

Order

For the

1717

The

And the

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